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and

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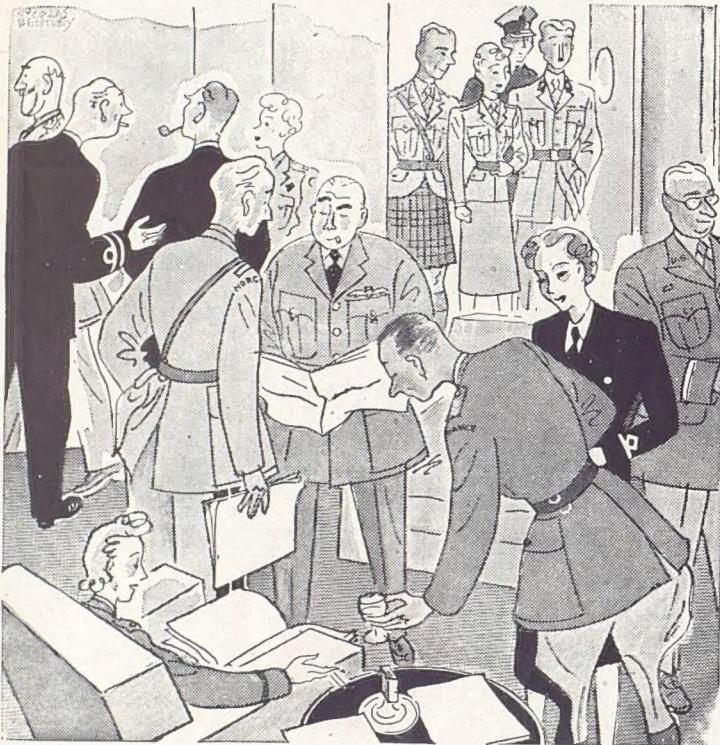


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Marcus Adams

The Countess of Birkenhead and Her Children

Last month the Countess of Birkenhead published her first book, *Against Oblivion*, which tells the life of Joseph Severn, the friend of Keats—and incidentally her husband's great-great-grandfather. Lady Birkenhead was formerly the Hon. Sheila Berry, and is Viscount Camrose's second daughter. She was married in 1935, and has a son, Viscount Furneaux, and a daughter of two, Lady Juliet Smith. Captain the Earl of Birkenhead, at present serving in the Oxfordshire Yeomanry, has himself published several books, including the biography of his famous father, the first Earl of Birkenhead, a former Lord Chancellor and Secretary of State for India, who died in 1930. Lord Birkenhead's eldest sister, Lady Eleanor Smith, is a well-known novelist and his younger sister is the wife of Major the Hon. Michael Berry, Lady Birkenhead's second brother.



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Revelation

MR. HERBERT MORRISON seems to have constituted himself leading spokesman of the Government, after Mr. Churchill, of course. Economics, strategy, finance, Empire policy, and party politics are themes which come readily from his active mind. In all things Mr. Morrison appears to be more daring than any of his colleagues, even though he is the junior member of the War Cabinet. But we are indebted to Mr. Morrison for the revelation of the restlessness which governs the personality of the Prime Minister. Speaking recently, Mr. Morrison said that Mr. Churchill's journeys abroad always put the War Cabinet in a dilemma. Often they felt that they ought to persuade him not to travel so much, and yet they felt they must agree, for each time definite advantage to Britain's war effort resulted. Becoming more frank, Mr. Morrison said that Mr. Churchill likes undertaking his risky journeys. They refresh him and he always comes back vigorous, hale and hearty. Nevertheless, it is true that not only Cabinet Ministers, but the public are worried about Mr. Churchill's adventures. The attack on the passenger aeroplane out of Lisbon, in which Mr. Leslie Howard lost his life, has caused genuine alarm. There is no doubt that the Germans were searching for Mr. Churchill. Imagine the loss to all the United Nations, not only to this country, if Mr. Churchill had been shot down by the Germans.

Future

THREE was a time when Mr. Churchill was determined to walk out of No. 10 Downing Street when the war was ended and retire to Kent to read, write and rest. Mr. Churchill's closest friends are not as certain as they were

that he is still intent on this course. They believe that he is preparing himself to continue as the nation's leader in the days of reconstruction. In the past few months one frequently heard critics say that Mr. Churchill was not interested in post-war policies and problems. Apparently this is no longer true. Mr. Churchill is now taking the closest interest in the shaping of our post-war foreign policy as well as the organisation of economic plans and the creation and construction of the new Britain. This can only mean one thing: Mr. Churchill is determined to be as strong a peace leader as he has been a war leader.

Unity

ON this question of the future Mr. Morrison was equally frank. He declared that post-war Britain will need a strong, united "wartime" Government. There is no doubt that Mr. Morrison would like to maintain the present coalition for some time after the war. He sees in the maintenance of the National Government a real opportunity for the resuscitation of the Labour Party. Some astute political observers are of opinion that the Labour Party's only chance of survival lies in its partnership with the Conservative Party. It is certainly true that the Conservative Party is increasing in influence and vigour week by week. This rebirth is not due solely to Mr. Churchill's leadership. There is a new strength and vision issuing from the ranks of the party itself. Young men like Viscount Hinchingbrooke and Mr. Quintin Hogg are responsible for the change. They are injecting new life into the party.

The Labour Party have no such young men. Week by week the Labour Party appears to slip farther behind. The policy of providing

seats in Parliament as a kind of pension for ageing trade unionists is proving detrimental to the Labour Party. Very few young men are coming along in the ranks of Labour. When the war is over the Conservative Party will have quite a number of young men back from the fronts to join the Hinchingbrooke-Hogg group. The Labour Party do not seem to have any such prospects. Obviously Mr. Morrison is aware of this. He knows that a party cannot survive by shibboleths; it must renew its strength every so often from the inspiration of its fundamental principles. This is what the young Conservatives are doing.

Cleavage

THERE is every prospect that the Labour Party will sooner or later split. Already there is a deep but scarcely visible cleavage among the rank and file. Only the insistence of their leaders prevents a complete breakaway from the party. After the war I am certain that we shall see the Communist Party making great inroads into the positions once held by the Labour Party. There are some politicians



Vice-Admiral Cunningham

Vice-Admiral Sir John H. D. Cunningham, K.C.B., formerly Fourth Sea Lord, was recently appointed to a sea command. One of the finest navigators in the Royal Navy, he is a cousin of Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, C-in-C, Mediterranean

who realise this and believe that the opportunity will then be presented for the creation of a Centre Party. Several Independents who have precarious seats in the House of Commons would welcome a Centre Party. So would Mr. Hore-Belisha, whose debating power is still something to be reckoned with. His speech in the debate on civil aviation was a remarkable example of stylish oratory as well as political prescience. Mr. Hore-Belisha is like so many Liberals; he is searching for a political anchorage. I cannot understand why he and some of his friends do not set about reviving the once great Liberal Party.

Dispute

THE power of the trade unions in the post-war period must never be forgotten. They are playing a great role in this war, and they will not be content to be merely adjuncts of a moribund Labour Party. Mr. Ernest Bevin is becoming the greatest trade union figure in



King Haakon Visits Harrow School

Boys of Harrow School O.T.C. formed a guard of honour for King Haakon of Norway, when he visited the school a short time ago. Above he is seen inspecting them, followed by Mr. R. W. Moore, headmaster of the school. His Majesty afterwards listened to speeches and school songs in the speech room

must be regarded as the beginning of fresh unity in South America. The Argentine people have strong democratic opinions, which are allied to an equally strong national pride. Dr. Castillo has been accused of pro-Axis sympathies. There have been queer happenings in the Argentine, where the Germans, more than the Italians, have been active propagandists.

More than once pressure of public opinion compelled Dr. Castillo to act against German infiltration. Faced with this growing public opinion, Dr. Castillo undertook increasing repressive measures. These caused his opponents to accuse him of desiring to be a dictator. I believe that any dictatorial measures taken by Dr. Castillo were more for the purpose of protecting his personal position than for helping the Axis. This may be a charitable view of his activities. But his successor seems certainly set on a policy of closer co-operation with the United Nations. Like other neutrals, Argentinians are beginning to realise that they must jump on the back of the Allied wagon now if they are going to share in the dividends of peace.

Agreement

AT last there is in being a French body organised and accepted as a part of the United Nations. General de Gaulle and General Giraud have come to terms and set up a Ministry in Algiers consisting of fourteen members. This body will function as the French Committee of National Liberation until France is free from German occupation. The agreement that brought this about is long overdue, but it is praiseworthy that the personalities involved have sunk their differences in order to pursue a common aim. Let us hope that the spirit which prompted this will prevail from now on so that there are no fresh cleavages of opinion. Obviously the final assault on Hitler's fortress of Europe could not be initiated while Frenchmen were at loggerheads. General de Gaulle and General Giraud have grave responsibilities facing them. Theirs is the task to free France, and to lift her to her knees, and then to see that she recovers her full strength and confidence to play the vital part allotted to her in the Europe of the post-war era.



"Ah, Little Do You Think Upon the Dangers of the Seas"

During his latest sea voyage to the U.S.A., Mr. Churchill found time between his numerous official duties to walk on the bridge of the ship. The Prime Minister's wartime journeys, though causing some natural anxiety at home, have been of immense value to the Allied war effort, and, as Mr. Herbert Morrison remarked in a recent speech, Mr. Churchill "likes to get out and about"

the world. In the United States he has got a powerful reputation. Politicians there see Mr. Bevin as the only alternative to Mr. Churchill as Britain's post-war leader. In the past Mr. Bevin's influence in trade union politics has been immense. In acknowledging this, one is compelled to wonder if it is a waning power. The Trades Union Congress's challenge to the Government on the question of the affiliation of Civil Servants' unions is disturbing. Under the Trades Disputes Act, Civil Servants are allowed to organise their unions, but they are strictly forbidden to affiliate with the Trades Union Congress. Several times since the war started the Trades Union Congress has requested the modification of this act. There have been negotiations in which Mr. Bevin has played his full part. The last agreement was to the effect that modification to allow Civil Servants to affiliate with the Trades Union Congress should wait until

the war's end. But the executive of the Trades Union Congress, through Sir Walter Citrine, have defied the Government by accepting the appeal for affiliation of the Postal Workers' Union.

Sir Walter Citrine has not had the same practical trade union experience as Mr. Ernest Bevin. Nor has he got Mr. Bevin's powerful personality and his constructive mind. It is possible that the emergence of Mr. Bevin in the realms of statesmanship has added to the rivalry which has always existed between them. There can be no doubt that the latest action of the Trades Union Congress executive in defying the Government is the first blemish on an otherwise perfect and patriotic wartime record.

Revolt

THE overthrow of the Argentine Government headed by Dr. Castillo, came suddenly and



Clark Gable in a New Role

Capt. Clark Gable, the famous film star, now serving in the U.S. Army Air Force, has been in this country for some months. As a gunnery instructor he has taken part in operations in Fortresses over Germany, and has been making films for instructional purposes



Member of a Typhoon Squadron

Here is F/Lt. S. W. Minnall, who has five enemy ships to his credit, has damaged two factories in occupied territory, and who also took part in the Dieppe raid. His squadron, which flies Typhoons, specialises in the destruction of barges, trains, shipping and factories

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

The Betrayal of Colonel Blimp

By James Agate

The *Life and Death of Colonel Blimp* (Odeon) will be an enormous success. It stands for everything the British like in picture-making. To begin with, there is no total gesture, and if there is one thing the British public adores, it is a number of things leading to one another with their sum total leading nowhere. It contains no thinking. Better still, what thinking there is is either muddled or wrong. All the world knows Colonel Blimp for a pig-headed old walrus, the model for all time of reactionary imbecility; this film shows him in the character of Lieutenant, afterwards Brigadier-General Clive Candy, V.C., as a charming English gentleman, a little old-fashioned in his ideas perhaps, but always his country's stand-by in the hour of need. I am not concerned with the possibility that Low's creation may be a travesty. The point is that his Colonel Blimp is a public menace and a laughing-stock. For a man who lays down the law in a world which has grown beyond his experience must always be a figure of fun. Such a figure must obviously be treated ironically. But since your British film public has no stomach for irony such treatment would never do. Wherefore Candy is treated sentimentally and turned into an old darling. The truth is that the real Blimp would have ruined any operation under his command, whereas we are to suppose the hero of this film to have been no end of a fellow, though we are never shown him actually functioning as a soldier. Any French or Russian director would have jumped at the chance of showing Candy messing up one military operation after another, and making stepping stones to promotion out of the lives he had sacrificed by his stupidity. Not so the directors of this film, which contains no flick of irony from start to finish.

BUT all the thinking is muddled. Candy sees in the Allied victory of the last war the conquest of clean fighting over dirty. And there is nobody to tell him that the only time when clean fighters can beat the other sort is when they outnumber them. Is it necessary for the picture's purpose that there shall be somebody to voice the essential treachery of the Nazis? Yes. Then whom does it choose as its spokesman? Why, as Damon Runyon would say, nobody but the proud Uhlan officer, who, on behalf of the honour of the German Army, fought a duel with young Candy in the time of the Boer War. I am afraid I did not believe one word this character spoke from start to finish.

Some years later the cavalry officer comes to England, having ratted from the military caste. Now German cavalry officers do not rat. They are cavalry officers in their mother's womb, and as cavalry officers go to their graves, which is just what constitutes the danger of German militarism. This particular officer rats because (a) the English like to think there are nice Germans with whom sweet reasonableness will ultimately prevail, and (b) because the part is played by Anton Walbrook. I should like to have seen this film's directors try to put this nonsense over on Conrad Veidt! I feel that that great actor would have walked out.

AGAIN, the general marries an army nurse who is the dead spit of the young woman he has always loved, but whom he resigned

to the German cavalry officer. After his wife's death he engages a chauffeuse who is the dead spit of both ladies. Why these coincidences? Because the film company has got hold of that excellent little actress Deborah Kerr, and has not had the strength of mind to refrain from plugging its discovery. If this film pretended to be any kind of reality the three parts would have been played by three different actresses. In a word the film lacks reality. But neither is it fantastic. It pretends reality one minute, relapses into comic opera the next, and is sentimental whenever it gets the chance. In other words all its planes are jumbled, and if there is one thing the British public adores it is the confusion of values.

PROBABLY what will make the greatest factor in this film's success is its quality of noise. Why is it impossible to make out the names of the stations bawled through the loud-speakers on Tube platforms or at railway stations? Because they are bawled too loudly. (Apparently it is nobody's business to check or look into this. I doubt whether a single experiment has ever been made by the authorities concerned as to the relation between volume and audibility.) The entire management of the Odeon Theatre and General Film Distributors Ltd. must have realised that for the first twenty minutes of this film all the characters roared like sea captains giving orders through megaphones! Why did nobody tell the operators that their "wattage," I think they call it, was too high? It nearly always is at this theatre. Or is it that the management, having already assembled with extreme ingenuity all the things that go to make a popular British film, decided to top up the concatenation with a devastating row? The other morning at the Odeon I thought once or twice I should have to leave, so ear-splitting was the din. Lastly, the film is far too long for its material. If it could be shortened by a full hour it has, as I said earlier, all the ingredients of a huge success.



Blimp on the Wane

The period is 1940. The V.C. Colonel (Roger Livesey) is back in uniform as a major-general. His old friend (Anton Walbrook), antagonist of a Berlin duel in 1902, who won the girl they both loved, is a refugee from Nazi Germany

Is there nothing that can be praised? you ask. Yes, the acting. There is a superb performance by Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr is utterly charming, and all the schoolgirls will fall in love all over again with Anton Walbrook. The smaller parts, dozens of them, are all excellently played. In fact, the acting very nearly redeems a film in which there is not a single moment of artistic sincerity. Which, of course, is yet another reason why the great British public should love it.

WHEN I looked at my invitation to the trade show of *The Dark Tower* (Warner), I immediately conjured up visions of haunted castles, murdered Princes and blood-curdling shrieks in the dead of night. This was all rather wishful thinking, since I have of late been so glutted with pictures dealing with the war, only occasionally relieved by a little mild gangsterism or a spot of harmless domestic pothole, that a film in the old Karloff vein would have relieved the monotony. But I was mistaken. *The Dark Tower* is all about a circus, and the Tower is metaphorical, and in this case must be meant to designate that tenebrosity which is alleged to cloud the brain as the result of hypnotic pressure.

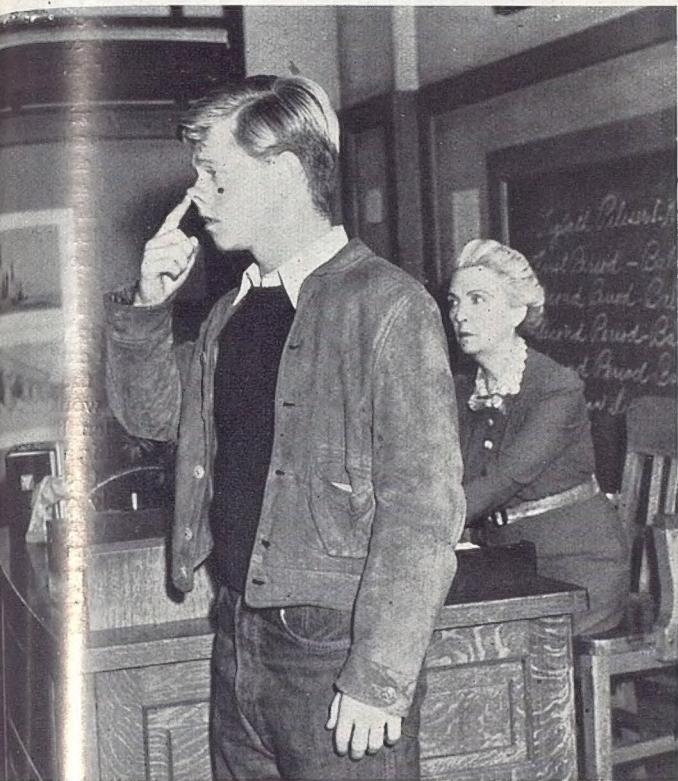
WHAT is this, you say—a circus—and hypnosis? Yes. The story, based on the play by George Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott (which I do not remember to have seen, if indeed it has ever been performed in this country) tells of a mysterious foreigner (at least Herbert Lom acts him with a Russian accent, although he does not confess the land of his origin) who enters a derelict circus as a lion-tamer and starts by hypnotising the lion. After this the foreigner starts his evil tricks on a lady acrobat (Anne Crawford) whose partner and fiancé (David Farrar) of course hates him like poison. The poor girl falls completely under the naughty fellow's influence and can only perform her perilous "act" according to his will and disposition.

I will say that Lom makes a very fine job of this sinister creature with his enormous eyes, unsmiling face, and quiet dictatorial voice. I was hoping most of the time that he would exert his mesmeric powers on the other members of the circus, some of whom might have been sent to sleep with advantage, whilst certain others would have benefited from a rude awakening. But Anne remained his only victim. Needless to say, the villain is thwarted in the end, is in fact killed by an acid-tongued sharpshooter (Josephine Wilson) who is dumbly in love with the director of the circus (Ben Lyon). And the hypnotist and her jealous partner are once more reconciled.

THIS is a British production, and except for Ben Lyon's well-known transatlantic accent, is played throughout in English. Indeed, the ladies and gents of the circus speak with quite remarkable elegance, so that one is pleased to hear how diction in the sawdust world has improved since the days of Grimaldi. Salaries must be pretty high too, since luxurious parties are thrown, and the company (is that the word?) wear the most fashionable clothes, and carry about a wardrobe with them which must considerably accentuate the difficulty of transport. And, by the way, do many towns in England (where presumably the action takes place) possess circus arenas as large as Olympia and the Albert Hall combined? Like Rosa Dartle, I ask only for information.

Films à la Carte

The Hardy Touch—American Flying Girl Makes Good—Svengali and the Flying Trapeze



Family Story

Mickey Rooney (who else?) and Mary Nash in "The Human Comedy" (Empire). Mickey is a schoolboy by day, a telegraph boy by night and the mainstay of his widowed mother. His messages bring him in touch with the tragedies of war; one of them is the official telegram announcing his brother's death in action



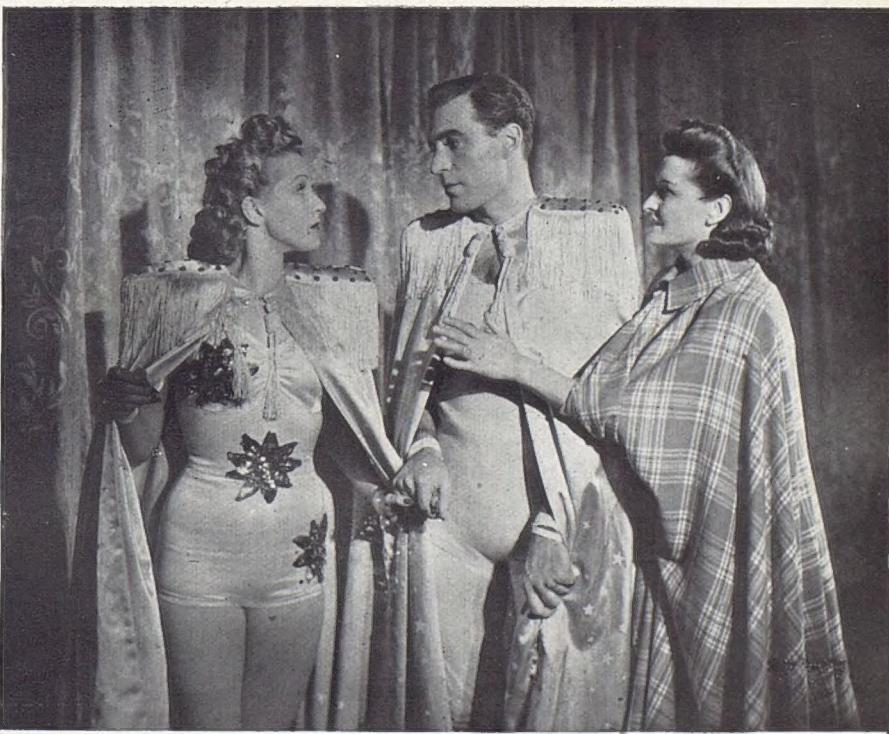
"*Flight for Freedom*" (Carlton)

Girl pilot Rosalind Russell fakes pre-war landing on Japanese island with her rival and lover (Fred McMurray), so that American Navy can stage a rescue and spy out the land. Japs get wise to the plan and the girl, alone, crashes into the sea. The search is made and the reconnaissance pictures taken



Svengali in the Sawdust Ring: "The Dark Tower"

British-made picture (Warner Theatre) about murderous hypnotist who mesmerises trapeze girl in bankrupt circus. Left: the proprietor (Ben Lyon) introduces mesmerised Mary (Anne Crawford) in her sensational trapeze stunt inspired by the hypnotist (Herbert Lom). Right: Mary, her jealous partner (David Farrar), and the lady sharpshooter (Josephine Wilson), who takes a hand in removing the hypnotist's evil influence



The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

Hi-de-Hi (Palace)

SUCH a title as *Hi-de-Hi* suggests that the show itself will have unconventional features. And, sure enough, it has. Bud Flanagan sees to that. He is one of our most redoubtable outragers of dull decorum. Moreover, he has not merely a touch of that nature which makes a whole audience kin, but both hands (one Cockney, the other kosher) full. If ever chill reserve should separate one side of the footlights from the other, his smile would fuse them. He is game for anything from bold burlesque to tear-trembling pathos, and while ribald jests do not dally on his lips, he is no less ready with songs that reach the heart. He disarms criticism, and delights groundlings and cognoscenti alike; and it would be a bold judge who should decide whether low comedy or philanthropy was the major expression of his genius. In short, he is a great clown.

This generous show gives him and his comic confederates—Chesney Allen (his fidus Achates) and the egregious Monsewer Gray—abundant scope for absurdity. This is perhaps as well (for the show); since, given an inch, they may be trusted to take an ell; denied that ell, they would probably collar the lot. With them, gate-crashing the more exclusive rites of vaudeville is not a foible but their forte; less a faux pas than a profession. And who would have it otherwise?

One of their happiest assaults on the stronghold of solemnity is launched from a coign of



"Blondes are not dumb"—after all. Florence Desmond, in cap and gown, receives some slick answers from a bevy of blondes. General knowledge is their strong suit

what these excellent buffoons say and do, as the way they do and say it.

Monsewer Gray, for example, whose French none but the French could fail to understand, is prone, when in solo action, to absent-minded soliloquy. Unmusical snatches of demodified ballads, superbly irrelevant in sentiment, and idiosyncratic in tune and tempo, are liable to punctuate his turn's dumb-show. And whether he is juggling with hoops and clubs, coaching crass tyros in the hazards of the minuet, or giving his ventriloquial dummy the works, this sotto voce obligato doubly deepens the depths of bathos he ineffectually plumbs.

Miss Florence Desmond is their willing accomplice, and while her collusive material is somewhat skimpy, her imitations of sister and brother stars astonish and please as only such imitations can. Miss Gwen Catley out-coloraturas that other blonde diva, the canary, in soprano numbers; and her rendering of an aria from *Rigoletto* has top notes that outsoar the lark.

In few directions has modern vaudeville



It's those men again. The inimitable Bud Flanagan and his immaculate partner, Chesney Allen

vantage on neutral ground. Seated together on the edge of the stage, just outside the foot-light frontier—Bud in his long-suffering boater, and both in ulsters of mammoth fur—they give hypercritical attention to a sketch in action on the stage. This shows a simpering young wife struggling to convey to her dense but doting husband one of the commoner facts of married life. Her circumlocutions, and his maudlin inability to see the point, irritate Bud; so much so that he prompts the actors in plain unvarnished English, while repeatedly hurling the resilient Monsewer headlong into the orchestral abyss. Familiar fooling, no doubt, and not over subtle; but it is not so much

made so notable an advance as in that of decor. Here the more spectacular scenes are unusually well-staged and painted. Sentimentalists may regret the passing of the old-time back-cloths; those rural crossroads with the ancient inn to the left and super-Killarney to the right; those dour street corners haunted by patter comedians, who slapped the painted canvas with wangee canes to point their jests, and those academic landscapes whose summer-time was eternal. They may recur even in the most eclectic shows, but only as relics, and for satire's unfriendly sake.

The scene in which Miss Catley, with an attendant ballet, warbles a paean in praise of the woods of Vienna has the exquisite elaboration of an old-world valentine; and some of the period vistas of Hyde Park, revisited by such differently famous queens as Victoria the Good and Marie Lloyd the incomparable, have considerable charm.

But it is the comics that make this show. Orchidaceous bevies may, and do, strip to the near buff, or flaunt the modiste's most extravagant creations with equal grace; but the buffoons are the boys. No such evening would be complete without Flanagan and Allen linked to their hand-borne microphone. This, unlike most, is a merciful instrument, not one of torture; and the songs they mutually confide to it reach us as friends, not ear-drum stormers. It is a merit in these excellent clowns that, while enhancing the appeal of the present, they are not deaf to the call of the past.



"Monsewer" Eddie Gray in person—drooping moustache, French accent (what an accent), Indian clubs and all



Sketches by
Tom Till

Left: Acrobatic dancers Medlock and Marlowe; Gwen Catley, pocket coloratura soprano, who has a whole scene to herself in which to sing "Caro Nome" from "Rigoletto"; and Wilson, Keppel and Betty, specialising in sand dances and somersaults

"The Lisbon Story"

Music and Melodrama
at the Hippodrome

● The new George Black show (Hippodrome, June 18th) tells the story (Henry Purcell) to music (Harry Parr-Davies) in twelve scenes of the battle of wits, with love and British agents intervening, between von Schriner (Albert Lieven), of the Berlin Cultural Department, and the French actress, "Gay" Girard (Patricia Burke). She returns to Paris from Lisbon, but only to help a French scientist escape from internment. His daughter is given a small part in the new ballet at the Mogador Theatre. Von Schriner suspects Gay's motives, but hopes to blackmail her into living with him. While the escape is on, Gay impersonates the daughter in the ballet and rouses the audience in a patriotic speech. The Marseillaise, revolver shots and British bombs ring down the curtain



German Culture: Albert Lieven

As von Schriner, who plans to rejuvenate the Paris stage by bringing back "Gay"—as his mistress. Albert Lieven broadcasts in German for the B.B.C.



Halama and Konarski

Famous Polish partners in the Festival dances at Cintra. Konarski produced "Cracow Wedding" for the Anglo-Polish Ballet

Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Alicia Halama

As "Piety" to Czeslaw Konarski's "Evil" in the ballet on the stage of the Mogador Theatre, Paris, where "The Lisbon Story" ends dramatically



Patricia Burke as "Gay"

Leaving Lisbon with a patriotic purpose, the Parisian actress takes part in a fiesta in Cintra on her way back to the Mogador Theatre, Paris



Major George Thorne, who played for the Ramblers, is here with Major and Mrs. Michael Robson



The Hon. Anne Montagu was with her brother, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, and some friends



Royal Holiday

WHENEVER Parliament is in recess, the flow of daily State business slackens off a good deal, and consequently His Majesty was able to take a short break in the country with the Queen and Princesses over the Whitsuntide holiday.

The King derives great benefit from these short visits to the country, even when he is only able to spend a single day away from London, because the great addition of desk work which the war brings to him makes it impossible for him to spare the time for the morning walks through the Palace gardens—where, by the way, most of the flower-beds are filled with unornamental, if useful, vegetables—or for the afternoon games of tennis which he used to enjoy with members of the Household, and he misses the opportunities for exercise. It was in the country, at Windsor Castle, the other day, that there was a Royal Family reunion, when Queen Mary, making one of her rare journeys from the West Country, spent the day with the King and Queen and her grandchildren. The Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood—the latter newly installed in his high office as Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of English Masons—dined recently at Buckingham Palace.

After their theatre-party on the evening of the King's official birthday, when they took the Princesses to see Dame Lilian Braithwaite in *Arsenic and Old Lace* as their first evening play, the King and Queen also had dinner guests at the Palace, this time Lord and Lady Eldon, who had accompanied them to the theatre. The royal party were too many for one box, so Lord Eldon and Sir Piers Legh, who was in attendance, occupied the box above.

Pangbourne Visit

It was a last-minute alteration in plans that sent Princess Elizabeth with her father to the Founders' Day celebrations at the Nautical College at Pangbourne, for the Queen had originally intended to go with the King.

Princess Elizabeth, who had probably never seen so many young men of her own age together before, enjoyed the display by the



On This Page Are Some People Who Were at Eton for the "Fourth"

The Hon. Brigid Westera, Lord Rossmore's only daughter, was with Miss Betty Lee and Fergus Hughes Onslow

Mrs. Wathen and Lady Brocket were together. Lady Brocket was formerly Angela Pennyman

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

College cadets, and chatted earnestly for some time with Sir Philip Devitt, Chairman of the Governors and co-founder of the College, about the relative numbers of youths who go from the College to the Royal Navy, the Royal Naval Reserve and the Merchant Navy. With her saxe-blue Utility coat, Princess Elizabeth wore a wide-brimmed hat of blue straw, with a plaited band of blue and white.

Lady Katherine Seymour, the Queen's Lady-in-waiting, was in attendance on Princess Elizabeth, and with the King came Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, who is not very often seen at Court nowadays, and Capt. Sir Harold Campbell, Groom of the Robes, who had received his knighthood, and the K.C.V.O., given him in the Birthday Honours, from his Majesty the day before.

Dining Out

QUAGLINO'S was crowded to overflowing the other night, so full that Major Jack and Lady Lavinia Rogerson were unable to get a table when they arrived rather late. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk had a table for six; their party comprised the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood, Lord Halifax's eldest son, and his wife, who is one of Lord Derby's granddaughters; Lady Jane Nelson, wife of Capt. James Nelson, who is serving with his regiment, the Grenadier Guards. She is the elder sister of the late Duke of Grafton, who was killed in a motor accident in 1936 when only in his early twenties, and Capt. Jack Clayton, the well-known trainer, now in the Welsh Guards. The Duchess, who was wearing a plain black frock, had on a fascinating black suede belt embossed with "Spitfires" in gold, flying right around her waist.

At a near-by table were Lord and Lady Cowdray, also with a party of six which included Lady Irene Haig, youngest sister of Earl Haig, wearing her V.A.D. uniform, having come on from work; the Hon. Sheila Digby, who is a first cousin of Lady Cowdray, who was Lady Anne Bridgeman, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bradford, before her marriage to Lord Cowdray in 1939; and two American officers to make up the party. Lord



Here are Capt. M. E. Dillon, Mrs. Parker Bowles, Mr. H. Stanley and Capt. C. H. Waterhouse

Cowdray lost an arm when he was wounded, fighting in France in 1940. His home is at lovely Cowdray Park, in Sussex, which conjures up nostalgic memories of polo in Goodwood Week.

Also there were Capt. Kenneth Hollebone and his pretty wife. Capt. Hollebone is a fine "whip," and one of the few people who can drive a coach and four really well. He is now soldiering and was on seven days' leave, the first he'd had since last October.

Another soldier there was Colonel Christopher White and his wife; he was an instructor at the Staff College for a long time. Mrs. White is the only sister of Mr. Bill Scott, the young Master of the North Cotswold Hounds, who, like so many M.F.H.s, is soldiering now. Both this brother and sister know no fear and go well to hounds.

Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie, who works so hard for the Red Cross and St. John, had an entirely American party dining with her, a member of the U.S. Red Cross, very smart in her grey-blue uniform, and two American officers. Mrs. Bouverie had on a most unusual cap, made entirely of Queen Alexandra roses in a halo mounted on net, very effective and patriotic, with Rose Day for the hospitals so near.

Seen in London

MRS. DIANA SMYLEY dining à deux; Lady Andrew Cavendish, hatless, with her two whippet dogs on a lead, popping into the "Cordon Bleu" to have a quick lunch.

Miss Kathleen Farrer, very neat in her M.T.C., uniform, hurrying out for a quick lunch from the offices of the American Ambulance Corps in Grosvenor Gardens; she is attached now to this Corps as a driver.

Mrs. Frank Stanley-Clark, paying one of her rare visits to London and busy shopping. When she married in 1932 her mother, the late Mrs. St. George, gave her a plot of land in London, and had a most beautiful house and garden built on it for her. Since the war Mrs. Stanley-Clark has taken her two children to live in Gloucestershire, where she works full time at the local hospital. Her husband is serving with his Hussar regiment overseas. Her sister, Gardenia, is married to Sir Derrick Gunston, M.P., who also has a home in Gloucestershire.

Racing at Newmarket

PEACE and quiet reigned at the first June meeting at Newmarket, a contrast to the thrill and bustle of the Guineas meeting of the week before. Nevertheless, the racing was excellent, and provided food for considerable



The Master of Polwarth Marries in London

The wedding of Capt. Henry Alexander Hepburne-Scott, Lothian and Border Yeomanry, elder son of the late Master of Polwarth and of the Hon. Mrs. Scott, to Miss Caroline Margaret Hay, second daughter of the late Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Hay, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster

thought. Lord Derby's Booby Trap always looked the winner of the Harston Plate, and the rumour is that the Stanley House connections are very hopeful of scoring a Derby and Oaks double with this good-looking son of Plassy and Disguise, and the 1,000 Guineas winner, Herringbone. Lord Rosebery's grand colt Hyperides further enhanced his Gold Cup prospects by comfortably beating the well-proved stayer Germanicus over 1 mile and 6½ furlongs in the Somersham Stakes. Uva, a lovely filly by Fairway out of Una, made a most successful début as the Aga Khan's first two-year-old winner of the season. There was a big tip about this filly from Ireland, where she was bred, and those in the know got 10 to 1 and 8 to 1 to their money.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, whose ardour was undaunted by yet another display of faint-heartedness on the part of Victory Torch at Ascot, came with the Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood, who takes such a keen interest in the running and management of her grandfather's—Lord Derby's—horses. The Duchess wore a beautifully cut black coat over a printed dress, and a black halo beret, and Mrs. Wood wore a very

smart cypress-green outfit. Sir Richard Brooke, whose son, Mr. Richard Brooke, is a prisoner of war, was talking to Lady Bullough, and watched Lady Brooke's Silver Sal finish third in the first race. Sir Richard bought King Salmon after the horse won the Eclipse, and must have been very glad to see Herringbone, who is a daughter of King Salmon, advertise her father's prowess as a stallion. Like all owners of stud farms, Sir Richard has suffered severely from the necessity of ploughing up paddocks, and had to dispose of several valuable mares last year to reduce numbers.

Owners, Trainers and Spectators

BIG-GEN. THE HON. CHARLES AND MRS. LAMBTON were with the Hon. George and Mrs. Lambton, and looked very pleased when Triumvir, whom they bred themselves, and who is by Gen. Lambton's double Gold Cup winner, Trimdon, ran fourth to Booby Trap. Mr. Jack Olding, whose interests, apart from racing, lie in "caterpillars," looked very cheerful, as always, and was talking things over with Michael Beary. Mr. Olding has not had the success in his racing ventures which such a keen, new owner deserves.

(Concluded on page 341)



More Eton Visitors for the Fourth of June Celebrations

Sir Jeremiah Colman, Bt., and Lady Colman were at Eton with their elder son, Michael

Above are Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Salmond and the Hon. Lady Salmond with Julian Salmond

With his son and daughter was Lt.-Gen. Sir Arthur Smith. He is G.O.C. London District



"Ambassadors toasted my fatal allure
And Hindenburg chased me all over the Ruhr"

Hermione Gingold as Brunnhilde in "Valhalla is not the Same," a most amusing number by Nina Warner Hooke and Jack Strachey in which Brunnhilde laments the effects of the Nazi regime on the great ones of the past. This is one of Miss Gingold's best moments

"Sweet and Low"

Not Too Sweet, Not Too Low,
the New Gingold-Crisham
Revue at the Ambassadors
is the Wittiest Show in Town

● Produced at Brighton for its preliminary canter, *Sweet and Low* is a gay and witty show, with Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham at the top of their bent in a form of sophisticated entertainment which both know inside out. Perhaps the deftest touch is "Arsenic and Old Plays," Miss Gingold's satire on the present orgy of revivals, all of which she polishes off in the manner of the old ladies in *Arsenic and Old Lace*



"Hell's a' Pumpin'"

"Chic-a-bom, chic-a-bom,
oh, chuck a bomb!"
Hermione Gingold sings a comedy number by Leslie Julian Jones which shows the highly disturbing influence of Carmen Miranda on the old South Kensington fire-fighting routine



"Borgia Orgy"

"The Borgias are having an Orgy,
There's a Borgia Orgy to-night."
A quartette by John Jowett and Robert Gordon. Left to right, Ilona Sylva, Walter Crisham, Hermione Gingold and Bonar Colleano as four members of the Borgia family gloating over the lethal menu prepared for the next victim

Photographs by
John Vickers



"Our Hero"

"I'm going back to England. What Regiment? Don't be an ass—Gaumont-British." Walter Crisham in a wicked satire on an English film-star in Hollywood discussing his war effort. "Don't forget my Masked Ball for Minesweepers' Mothers on Thursday"



"Serious Moment"

"It's swell to meet someone from your home town over here. A guy gets kinda lonely at times." Walter Crisham as an American soldier in "Parliament Square," a serious monologue by Nicholas Phipps. The Yank talks to the statue of Abraham Lincoln



"Sea Piece"

"I got a circular to-day from Mme. Prunier." Walter Crisham as a sailor thoroughly fed up with a life on the ocean wave. "There's something about being up in a nest, tête-à-tête with a crow, that just gets me depressed"



The Skit

Hermione Gingold as
Lilian, Brenda Bruce as
Mary in "Arsenic and
Old Plays." "Poor tired
revivals, it's about time
they were buried decently"



The Original

Mary Jerrold and Lilian
Braithwaite in "Arsenic and
Old Lace," at the Strand



Walter Crisham as Valerie Taylor

Close-up of the Crisham caricature, a picture modelled
on a Valerie Taylor attitude. "What with mon
husband and le tutor and Michael Redgrave's beard, I
feel I shall go quite, how you say, fou. It is im-
possible that I spend another Month in the Country"



"First I Should like to Powder my Nose"

To which Lilian (Hermione Gingold), handing a cup of poisoned tea
to Mme. Natalia (Walter Crisham as Valerie Taylor in "A Month
in the Country"), replies: "No, dear, the Panama is upstairs"



The Revivals Sip their Tea, Unconscious of their Doom

The Vagabond King (Graham Penley), Greta of The Dancing Years
(Edna Wood), Mme. Natalia of A Month in the Country (Walter
Crisham), the Merry Widow (Ilona Sylva) meet their fate.
"We needed reviving," they say. "That's what you think," replies
Hermione (Lilian Braithwaite) Gingold, having poisoned their tea

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT poem of Maurice Baring's with the yearning refrain :

"I like the sound of breaking glass" may have occurred to not a few fellow-vitreoclasts—to coin a frightful bastard of a word, in the manner of Modern Science—after the R.A.F.'s visit to the worldfamous Zeiss factories at Jena ("Zeiss work if you can get it," as the little actress said laughingly when the bishop swallowed his binoculars). The noise of all that costly optical and scientific glass going up would seem to many sportsmen like Gaudy Night in Paradise.

Glass-smashing is a subtle pleasure in itself, and any added motive mars it. Thus the anti-blood-sports thinker who tossed a rock a little time ago through a new stained-glass window in a West Country church representing St. Hubert, patron of huntsmen, was a dull yahoo, whereas the ancient Russian ritual of drinking certain toasts with linked arms and then hurling your empty glass over your shoulder against the wall is gay and exhilarating; for which reason, maybe, certain crack British regiments used to drink the Queen thus, evoking no criticism from anybody, least of all the mess-contractors.

Political lamp and window-smashing contrariwise, is a joyless business, and probably not 1 per cent. of the mob which stoned Apsley House a hundred years ago to annoy the Duke of Wellington got that pure thrill of which Mr. Baring sings. The mind of the true glass-smasher is unclouded by anxiety or prejudice and completely detached; which is why Oxford is the cradle of the sport.

Footnote

NOTE that to love the sound of breaking glass does not necessarily connote vulgar, indiscriminate smashing. With that restraint and delicacy which marks his distinguished prose, Mr. Baring himself on occasion used to balance balloon-glasses on his head at dinner-parties to the admiration of all beholders, afterwards restoring them to table unhurt. A less sensitive artist would have sought a cheap popularity and the inebriation of public applause by producing a hammer from his tails.

Crackpots

NOTWITHSTANDING the rigorous paper-rationing, a gossip remarks, the crackpots and fanatics with whom these

islands swarm seem able to print thousands of copies of their pamphlets whenever they like.

We occasionally get a specimen by post. Sometimes it is printed, sometimes typed. A lot of it is the wildest pseudo-mystical bigotry, composed in a curious muffled jargon, like somebody halfbaked making noises through a lampglass (the latest effort, apparently, is a pamphlet, 100,000 printed to date, proving that the loss of Singapore and Malaya is due exclusively to the B.B.C.'s broadcasting of Miss Dorothy Sayers's recent dramatisation of a Scriptural theme). Such glimpses of the loony underworld afford one the sort of eerie feeling sailors know when some sub-oceanic earthquake throws up blind wriggling monsters of fantastic shape to the surface of the waves. And then one remembers that all



"I suppose you're keeping the cleaner notes under the counter"

these citizens of Cloud-Cuckoo Land have votes and can terrify M.P.s . . .

Chill

THAT Scottish citizen who was pouring scorn on the B.B.C. announcer boys recently for not rolling their "r's" in a more virile way, showing stark honesty, grit, and purpose—compare the impressive drumrolls of the late Mr. Ramsay MacDonald—is considered nothing but a big awkward stiff at Portland Place, our spies report.

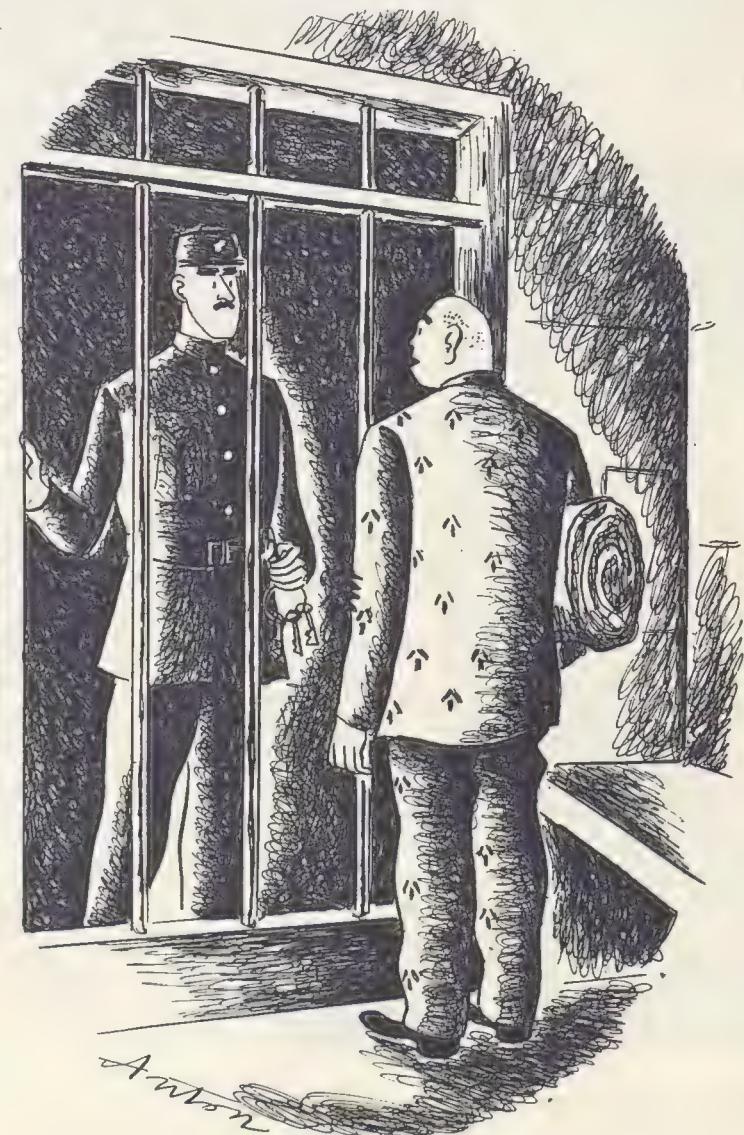
A well-known Talks don said icily: "Pothibly to woll the 'r' ath thith North Bwitical cwitic suggesth ith merely a wathah wugged attempt to impothe an intwinthically dwab and pwimawy perthonality on the unthophithicated, the unweathoning, or the unwawy. It theemth to me, quite fwankly, the motht incwible wot." Like so many other B.B.C. dongs, this don has adenoids. Their names, reading from right to left, are Rover, Sea-View, Prince, Gertie, Mon Repos, Aldous, and Pongo.

Trauma

SOME fusspot has been advocating shorts as the economic standard summer-wear for males of the Race after the war; reminding us of a little warning in Tennyson's *Maud* on this very topic:

Open-air, upstanding men grow Tough as Gypsy Petulengro,
Yet their minds are ill at ease
Owing to their knobbly knees.

Tennyson was referring to that anxious look worn by all British civilians in shorts (it wears off quite soon in the Army), and maybe thinking with envy of the utter lack of self-consciousness with which the fattest Tyrolese roll round in their leather breeks. When freedom is restored to the Tyrol a few massive and jovial



"I'm a martyr to sleep-walking, so don't let me wander too far"

(Concluded on page 331)



Playing for the Eton Ramblers against the School were Capt. C. E. W. Sheepshanks, R. H. Twining, Major G. Thorne, R. M. England, Lt.-Col. G. H. M. Cartwright (captain), Capt. Ian Akers-Douglas, Lt. H. Birbeck, Capt. R. H. Cobbold and, at the back, J. Wendell, A. D. Trenchard-Cox and B. D. Barton



Lord and Lady Belper and the Hon. Rupert Strutt

Eton's Fourth Wartime "Fourth"



Capt. the Hon. Sir Archibald and Lady Cochrane with Mr. Oswald Cecil and Douglas Cochrane

To enable parents and friends in the Forces to attend more easily, Eton held their famous festival this year on Saturday, June 5th. A full programme started at 9.25 with the installation of the Bishop of Lincoln as Visitor, followed by Speeches in Music School, and included the usual cricket match between the School and the Eton Ramblers, the procession of boats, and ended with a dance in School Hall in aid of the Red Cross Prisoners of War Fund



Right: Viscount Rothermere, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth and Viscountess Errington



Mrs. Peter Wilson, her son, and Lady Cromwell with her son and daughter



Lord and Lady Nunburnholme with their three children, Ben, Charles and Charmian

Standing By ...

(Continued)

Tyrolean might come over here and give lessons in knee-drill, beginning on the merrie-merrie boys, who are so miserably self-conscious at times, it seems to us, that their audience gets restive too. As the old folk-rhyme says :

Bells round their bowlers and bells round their knees,
And they can make you sick whenever they please.

Footnote

SOME of the larger Wimbledon queens are a trifle knee-conscious also, and with reason. One way out would be to adapt that freakish pre-war American fashion of painting dainty designs on women's knees. With a spirited panorama of the Battle of Trafalgar decorating each sturdy patella, a girl could bound on the Centre Court like a charge of rogue elephants.

Rap

WHEN Auntie *Times*, primly looking down her aquiline beak, observed recently that the typical "amorous" engraving found in a French château seems "duller" to the average British mind than the typical sporting print found in an English country house, the old trot was sedulously ignoring the Facts of Life, as she so often does.

Place a given stockbroker—we've seen it done—in a room containing on one wall *La Toilette de la Marquise*, *Les Dangers du Tête-a-Tête*, and one or two more perfectly seemly engravings after Baudouin and the younger Moreau, and on another wall one or two Alken prints showing sporting red-faced chaps in toppers tripping head over heels into bogs or getting a charge of duck-shot in the pants, and you'll soon discover which seems the duller to him. A brief but hearty laugh at the killing humours of the Alkens, and that boy is over at the other wall for keeps, goggling his eyes out. We

don't defend him, we merely state. Personally we're all for Healthy British Sport and we'd rather see a chap shot in the behind than a marquise kissed any day. This is because the influence of Cricket on our formative years has not lasted, and we were able to get it out of our system years ago. It's the repressed cricket-dopes who go crazy over "amorous" French engravings. No wonder Auntie (the old frosty-face) tries to pretend they'd rather look at foxhunters falling off horses and golfers fooling their drive. She's secretly ashamed of the Fourth Form and so are we, by Gad.

Resort

RUOMS of an impending Allied attack against Monte Carlo are apparently perturbing the Riviera and even shaking the cynical calm of the Monégasque, who never thought much of human nature anyway.

One can hardly blame the Monégasque, to whom the entire outside world must seem a basket of exploitable fools, always barring the late Greek Syndicate: gilded fools, over-dressed and overjewelled fools, fools of the *rasta* type, extravagant fools, sombre fools, sinister fools, fools with systems, and suicidal fools who have to be politely deprived of lethal apparatus and tactfully guided towards the railway station with money for a single ticket. This spectacle turned the thoughts of a late celebrated Prince of Monaco to fish and he became one of the world's leading marine naturalists. Our feeling is that anyone surveying a typical smart crowd in the private rooms of the Casino would derive great comfort from the faces of fish. The average Monégasque feels the same, we guess. There was never any real need to forbid him the Casino by law.

Apart from the Italian troops—who may or may not have any enthusiasm for fighting, though only imbeciles with short memories talk as if they are constitutionally incapable of so doing—the croupiers might well be mobilised for the defence, if any.

Yarionette



"For heaven's sake, Eleanor,
don't go all effeminate"

The sight of those white, stony, sneering pans behind even dummy machine-guns would discourage all but the stoutest hearts.

Challenge

THAT current revival of the English version of *Le Malade Imaginaire* at the Westminster should be backed by the British Medical Council, in our despicable view. It represents the ultimate triumph of Harley Street over the cowed and snarling populace.

The courage of Molière, who was a dying man when he pulled his last snook at the Faculty, was heroic, for he knew Dr. Purdon would be getting his revenge before long. The other two big boys who have taken witty cracks at the doctors—Shaw and Jules Romains—were in rude health at the time and probably imagined they'd get away with it for ever. They won't, of course. You can't *faire la nique* at the Faculty with impunity, as the terrible Dr. Knock says in Romains' comedy, and their time is coming. Like Molière, Charles II thought he could be playful on the topic, and the doctors accordingly purged, bled, cupped, and blistered him for five solid days till he died. So if we were Slogger Shaw ("Let me see, aren't you the Bertrand Shaw who wrote *The Doctor's Dilemma*? Yes? Good!") we'd be busy on a very flattering piece indeed.

Getaway

ROMAINS is in a much worse category, we guess. It takes his Dr. Knock six months to have about threequarters of an offensively healthy country district in bed and under treatment, simply by using the power of the human eye and *la lumière médicale*. The French medical Press didn't say much—a bad sign—and we gathered from a Parisian surgeon that the boys were laying for that playboy Romains and he dared not sneeze. He is now in America, if he thinks that a good place to hide.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Promise you won't splash if I do?"



Bertram Park

The New Grand Master: the Earl of Harewood, K.G., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., T.D.

At an Especial Grand Lodge, held at Freemasons' Hall on June 1st, the King installed his brother-in-law, the Earl of Harewood, as Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of England. This is the first time for seventy years that a Grand Master not of the blood royal succeeds to the office, which was last held by the late Duke of Kent, installed in 1939. The Earl of Harewood and the Princess Royal were married in 1922 at Westminster Abbey, with the Queen, then Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, as one of the bridesmaids. Their elder son, Viscount Harewood, is a 2nd Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, and the younger, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, is in the Rifle Brigade.



Admiral Trimble (C. Aubrey Smith), retired sea-dog, builds a house five miles from London, forms the village Home Guard to resist Napoleon's invaders



1804 : the Beginnings of the House of Trimble

Invasion Scare. The Admiral's wife (Dame May Whitty) prepares to defend the Trimble home with a brace of pistols. The villain (Claude Rains) eventually takes possession

Family Saga
From War to War (1804-1940),
the Story of "Forever and
a Day" Threads its Way
Through the Generations and
a Bewildering Cluster
Stars, Directors and Producers



Bill Trimble, the Admiral's son (Ray Milland), and Miriam, his young wife (Anna Neagle). Bill dies with Nelson at Trafalgar; Miriam bears a son to carry on the family history



Another Generation : the Victorian Trimble Pomfrets Go Up in the World

Above Stairs. The three children (Wendy Barrie, June Duprez, Wendell Hewlet) and Jennie the Housemaid (Ida Lupino). The new head of the house (Edward Everett Horton) is knighted by Queen Victoria and as Sir Anthony Trimble Pomfret is the first member to own one of the new-fangled motor-cars. The family is now at the height of its splendour



Below Stairs. Meanwhile romance is in the air and Jennie, the housemaid (Ida Lupino), indulges in a whirlwind love-affair with a remote descendant of the Admiral, Jim Trimble (Brian Ahearn), a mechanically-minded young coalman, who carries her off to America

• Fathered by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, *Forever and a Day* is an All-Star, All-for-Charity medley in aid of War Relief. Actors, writers and producers galore gave their services to its making; the proceeds of the London premiere (Leicester Square Theatre, June 17th) go to the Red Cross. The directors are René Clair, Edmund Goulding, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Frank Lloyd, Victor Saville, Robert Stevenson, Herbert Wilcox. The stars are nearly eighty strong—all the top-rankers of Hollywood—so no wonder these pages cannot contain them all. Roland Young, Gladys Cooper, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, Elsa Lanchester, Donald Crisp, Anna Lee, Buster Keaton, Robert Coote, June, Reginald Owen, Eric Blore, Nigel Bruce, Una O'Connor, Reginald Gardiner and Herbert Marshall are some of our omissions. Some cast!



Jessie Matthews as Mildred Trimble plays havoc with the new owner of the house, Dexter Pomfret (Ian Hunter). She comes from India to buy the Admiral's portrait. Claude Rains had tried to tear it down but fell dead instead



Enter the Admiral's Granddaughter

Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Dabb the plumber (with Buster Keaton for his mate) in the scene where Mildred installs a bath, not without opposition



Bibulous Butler, played again by Charles Laughton, is no match for the wiles of Mildred. She tricks the butler and stays to become the new owner's wife



1917: World War I.

Declining Fortune. The 1900's find the house a private hotel. In 1917 American soldier Ned Trimble (Robert Cummings) falls for Marjorie, the receptionist (Merle Oberon). Ned is Jennie's son



The Hotel Porter is none other than Victor MacLaglen. Ned Trimble marries the receptionist, Marjorie. Ned is killed in the war; their daughter grows up rich, rents the old house and restores its former glories



1940: the Blitz—Romance Marches On

The Cellars are now an air-raid shelter. In a raid, a young Pomfret (Kent Smith), grandson of the Victorian knight, meets a young Trimble (Ruth Warwick). He wants the Admiral's picture; she buys the house. The family tree puts out another branch



Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay With Christopher Whitehead and Her Daughter, Anne

Sunshine at Dennis Farm House

Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay Entertains
Her Brother and Sister-in-Law in Wiltshire



Lord and Lady David Douglas-Hamilton With Their Son, Diarmid, and Little Heather Macleod



Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay and Christine Lilius

W/Cdr. Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, R.N.V.R., and his wife, formerly Prunella Stack, with their small sons, Diarmid and Jain, were staying with his younger sister, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, when these pictures were taken. Lady Margaret is the wife of Capt. James Drummond-Hay, of Seggiedon, Coldstream Guards; and her youngest daughter, Christine Lilius, was born in February. Lord David Douglas-Hamilton, youngest brother of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon (the premier Scottish peer), is Air Training Corps Commandant for Scotland, and his wife, well known as the leader of the League of Health and Beauty, is Commandant of her local Girls' Training Corps.

Pictures in the Fix

By "Sabretache"

Two Nice Little Problems

ONE of them concerns the Oaks, June 18th, and the other the Derby, June 19th. I think that the former may be the easier one. Quite recent public form (One Thousand) says quite plainly that, for all practical intents and purposes, Lord Derby's Herringbone and Lord Rosebery's Ribbon are one and the same thing at a mile, and the bookmakers endorsed this opinion immediately after that race, but slightly amended it a little time later. At first they did not alter Ribbon's price, but they just about quartered Herringbone's. A mile is not a mile and a half. We need not, I presume, bother ourselves further with the fact that, Ribbon beat Nasrullah in the two-year-olds' Derby (the Middle Park) because of what we now know of the defeated, but at that time he was apparently quite honest, and his admirers were no doubt justified, but I think there is something more recent that we ought not to forget, and it is this: that, if the One Thousand had even been one hundred yards farther, Herringbone would not have won by a neck or by anything else. This is not a singular opinion. This race was another duel of wits between Harry Wragg and Eph. Smith, and the former just won, as he did on Watling Street last year. I do not know what will be the greatest danger to Ribbon in the Oaks, but it might easily not be Herringbone. The consistent and honest Cincture might be. She beat Lady Sybil (gave 5 lb.) a length and a half and Herringbone also gave 5 lb.) a moderate third in two-year-old days. I am sure that Lord Durham's grey lady will run forward with Tropical Sun.

The Derby 'Orse Race'

To find the winner here is a far greater twister than the Oaks. As in the ladies' race, where there are two level at a mile, here we have three of them practically the same thing—a short head and a head scrum is enough

to give anyone a headache. And a mile is no signpost to a mile and a half. Way In may be the way-out, for I think that there is little doubt that he would have won the Two Thousand if it had been even a few yards farther. Lord Astor's luck in the Derby has been shocking, and I am sure that everyone would be pleased if Way In broke the spell that some evil jinx has cast upon him. This colt won the Southern Stakes (7 furlongs) at Salisbury in April in attractive style, but he was getting 5 lb. from Fun Fair (the erstwhile Humoresque colt), and I do not know whether that form was quite stout enough. The way in which Way In ran in the Guineas is, however, another pair of shoes, and as the Derby opposition does not look to be formidable, and as honesty is such a great asset, I think it would be prudent to have him batting on our side. The worst thing about rogues and cowards is that you never know what they will do, and I am thinking of one duck-hearted colt in particular. A pansified name like Pink Flower for a colt is not attractive; also he has German connections. Oleander, his sire, was a Hun, and was owned by a Cologne banker, one Baron Oppenheim, and in Germany he ran very well. Oleander had Galtee More blood on the dam's side. This colt, Pink Flower, won a mile race at the Craven Meeting, giving 8 lb. to Herald. Whether this is good enough I leave it to you, partner! He fairly earned his place in the Two Thousand, but I feel that the undoubtedly very speedy Kingsway, for one, will beat him again. Kingsway only won the Trial Stakes at Salisbury a head from Mr. Joel's filly, Shining Light, who was getting the sex allowance. So much for the ones who occupied the seats of the mighty in the Guineas. How about the rest, bar Nasrullah, whom I would not trust as far as I could hurl a bull by the tail? I cannot believe that Straight Deal's form was right, even though he has done nothing particular this year, and I am sure that we are going to see a lot more of him before this season is out.

A pedigree Solario out of Good Deal is as good as a banknote for stamina. Umiddad is another. He is twice as good to look at as Nasrullah, but bone lazy. I do not think that that is any real crab, provided there is the right coachman on the box.

And now Lord Derby's Booby Trap—another unattractive name—has stumbled on our council by proving that, so far, he is the only three-year-old colt able to get more than a mile. He won the 1½-mile Harston Plate on June 1st, beating nothing, it is true, but it does cause us to remember that he ran a fair third to Umiddad and Straight Deal in the Dewhurst (7 furlongs)—the two-year-olds' "Leger." Lord Derby, as everyone will regret, has not been quite fit enough to go racing recently.

Officers of the C.U.G.C.

The newly-elected officers for the Cambridge University Golf Club are (right) J. R. B. Horden (Pembroke), the Captain, and W. S. Harris (Clare), Hon. Secretary, for 1943-44



Stearn

is out. A pedigree Solario out of Good Deal is as good as a banknote for stamina. Umiddad is another. He is twice as good to look at as Nasrullah, but bone lazy. I do not think that that is any real crab, provided there is the right coachman on the box.

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A Turf Libel Action

As the plaintiff's case turned upon a nice point in innuendo, I feel that the facts may interest some of the many distinguished members of the judiciary, and also learned counsel,

(Concluded on page 340)



St. Mary's Hospital Cricket XI. D. R. Stuart

Having previously beaten West Surrey, St. Mary's Hospital XI. drew with the London Counties team when this picture was taken. Standing: H. Wilkinson, R. W. Wallis, R. Smith, H. J. L. Marriott. Sitting: G. P. West, R. W. Watson (Secretary), E. K. Scott (Captain) R. M. Hanfield Jones, N. O. Bennett. In front: A. H. J. Whitehouse, J. G. Davies



At a Record "Wings for Victory" Week

A night-fighter station, commanded by W/Cdr. Gerald Maxwell, D.M.C., M.C., A.F.C. (left), raised over £115,000 during a recent "Wings for Victory" week. A sports meeting celebrated the occasion, and above are Prince Bernhard and the Duchess of Norfolk, who were there. She gave the prizes and ran second in the ladies' 100-yards race. The open mile event was won by Cpl. Wooderson, holder of the World's Mile record

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

whom I have the honour to number amongst contributors to my mail-bag. The libel complained of was that the defendant concocted, and published, a spirited sketch of a jockey trying to break a horse's neck by exercising an enormous pressure upon the reins; and underneath the picture was the legend: "Hominis est errare insipientis perseverare."

It was alleged in the pleadings that either the defendant, or someone acting on his behalf, or even an ordinary member of the racing community, had sent the plaintiff a marked copy of the journal in which the picture appeared. No names of either the horse or the jockey were mentioned, but the plaintiff contended through the mouth of the distinguished counsel who represented him, that the innuendo was that he was in the habit of having his horses' heads pulled off whenever it did not suit him to win with them, and that the last two words of the appended legend signified the warning that only a fool would continue in these evil ways, and were grossly libellous! The defendant, being rather vain, had signed his name to the picture, and so had been joined with the luckless editor and publisher, neither of whom



Some Irish Racegoers Who Were at Phoenix Park, Dublin

Poole, Dublin

The Hon. Patrick Campbell, Lord Glenavy's elder son, and Mrs. Campbell saw Mr. McVey's Hyperina win the Brooke's Plate at Phoenix Park. She was formerly Miss Sylvia Willoughby-Lee

Mr. Harry Ussher, the Irish trainer, was with Mrs. Gerald Annesley. Her husband's horse, Our Pyjamas, was hot favourite for the Fitzwilliam Plate, but came in second to Mr. E. V. Kelly's Merilace

Prince Milo of Montenegro is seen here with Mrs. Loftus, widow of the late Major J. E. Loftus, of Mount Loftus, Co. Kilkenny. Prince Milo has been in Eire since the outbreak of war

TALKING OVER BYGONE DAYS!



Classic Features at Newmarket. By "The Tout"

Major Burns-Hartopp, famous ex-Master of the Quorn, came from Leicestershire to attend the Guineas Meeting on the July Course, and there met trainer Felix Leach and Clerk of the Course C. W. Marriott. Major H. E. Keylock owns a share in Pink Flower, and Capt. John Baillie has a useful colt in Response, which may or may not be quite up to Classic standard. Nasrullah was so reluctant to leave the paddock before the Guineas that his trainer, Frank Butters, followed him down the course opening and shutting his umbrella. Mr. Adam Hedley owns a half-share with his brother in Merchant Navy, and the colt runs in brother Adam's colours in the Derby. Mr. A. E. Saunders, a well-known industrialist who has owned horses for several years, registered his first Classic success when Kingsway won the Guineas last month. With such good colts in his stable as Way In, Kingsway and Merchant Navy, Joe Lawson, the Manton trainer, looks like making a bold bid for this week's War Derby at Headquarters.

knew anything about the turf or its quaint jargon, not even when couched in a classical tongue, which, incidentally, it very rarely is. Counsel for the defendant pooh-poohed the whole suggestion, and said that the plaintiff's allegation smacked of *palmam qui meruit ferat*, and that if the cap fitted—well . . . !

Infuriation

THIS simply infuriated the plaintiff's counsel, who said that it was tantamount to a scurvy and belated attempt to plead justification, about which nothing whatever had been said in the original particulars. The defence, naturally, countered this by saying that the plaintiff must be hyper-sensitive, and that he was condemning himself out of his own mouth. Unluckily for the defendant, one of his witnesses, a racing "regular," called to say that he detected no resemblance in the drawing to any of the plaintiff's horses, or to any jockey employed by the plaintiff, almost completely destroyed the whole defence, for, getting a bit het-up under the biting scourge of cross-examination, he blurted out, after saying that he knew nothing about the ensanguined "French": "It's *'im* sure enough!", and that in his opinion the plaintiff was "as crooked as a dog's 'ind leg, 'ad ought to be 'ung, and was, further, a treacherous pig!" It was quite useless, of course, for defendant's counsel to try to smooth this over, and furthermore, there were on the jury several persons who had suffered from the Machiavellian methods of the plaintiff, and were fully aware that the picture meant exactly what the plaintiff said that it meant. There was only one way in which his lordship could direct them, but the plaintiff only got the smallest coin of the realm by way of damages.

Another Innuendo?

THE circumstances were these. Early on a very cold morning when the horses, which were due to run that day, were being given a rough-up to clear their pipes, a worthy bookmaker suddenly divested himself of his expensive overcoat and hung it on the rails.

"What did you do that for, Alf?" said one of his friends.

"Do you see them two men as have just got out of that car?" said Alf. "You don't need no overcoats now they've arrived."

This remark was overheard by the assembled concourse and was repeated to the two gentlemen, owners, who were notorious as belonging to what has been called—rightly or wrongly it is not for me to say—the "clever division." Was, or was not, the action of the owner of the expensive overcoat slander by innuendo?



Men of the 610 Squadron

Portraits by Olive Snell



Sgt. H. Dallowe, in the Durham Light Infantry at the retreat from Dunkirk, transferred to the R.A.F.; F/O. Pearson, a former rear-gunner in Coastal Command, was in action at Dunkirk and in the Far East before training as a pilot; he is now instructing. P/O. Davidson was in the Buffs before transferring to the R.A.F. about a year ago

Left: F/Lt. Pound, a fighter pilot in Libya early in the war, was wounded and has only recently joined the squadron



P/O. Cremer, killed on his first operational flight, trained near Hollywood; F/Lt. "Paddy" Small, as his nickname implies, is an Irishman, from Dublin

Below: P/O. Hodgkinson, formerly in the Fleet Air Arm, inspired by Bader's example, returned to the squadron after losing both his legs. Sgt. Jones, with the squadron since last July, was formerly a docker's foreman; F/Lt. Howard-Williams is a regular R.A.F. officer. He was in action at Dunkirk, and has recently been ferrying



610 Squadron.



Olive Snell
March 1942

Top row: Sgt. "Charlie" is a Polish pilot; F/O. A. S. Barrie, educated at Harrow, studied law, and trained in Canada; F/Lt. Collinge, D.F.C., in the squadron for some twenty months and since reported lost, joined as a sergeant-pilot; S/Ldr. W. A. Laurie, D.F.C., is a Liverpool man, and trained in Southern Rhodesia; S/Ldr. J. E. Johnson became wing commander to the Canadian Fighter Wing in Britain; Lt. Arnt is Norwegian, and a pre-war civil pilot at home, a bunker pilot there during the German invasion, and instructed in Canada before coming here; F/O. Creagh, an Australian, is the squadron's "eye," and can spot Hun fighters before the rest; Lt. "Gerry" is Dutch, an excellent pilot, previously in the Fleet Air Arm, and married to an English girl; F/O. Malton, from Canada, is one of the squadron's youngest pilots

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Poet and Poetry

SAINTS and mystics have left behind them their meditations: these have come to be more than religious literature; they have been incorporated into other, later, devout lives. Between all ecstatic contemplatives there runs a current that has nothing to do with time. Between poet and poet there is this link: poets recognise one another; they speak a common tongue. Each brings to the comprehension of poetry, as well as to the writing of it, his creative power. For the poet, poetry—whether it be his own, or that of a great contemporary, or poetry that has come down through time—is not merely the product of an experience; it is experience in itself. So, it is to be desired that he or she should not only write poetry, but should write about it—as the climber should write of the peak that towers above our knowledge, the explorer about a region of which the ordinary traveller only touches the edge.

Edith Sitwell's *A Poet's Notebook* (Macmillan; 10s. 6d.) is true to its name. This is—or begins as—a book into which she has copied down extracts from other writing that have struck her. Many of us keep, or have kept at some time, what are called (I never know why) "commonplace-books," in which we store up lines of prose or poetry that have meant something to us, made us understand our own feeling, or simply given us pleasure in some profound way that we cannot explain. Such a book, as a rule, is kept for oneself only—though, in name, it is nothing but a collection of "extracts," it may become more intimate than a diary. To be shown the commonplace-book of a friend is a privilege—and also an education: one gains a new, inner, sometimes alarming, sometimes endearing view of the man or woman one had thought one knew so well. One may perceive, for the first time, what is the real ruling passion, and what desire, regret or nostalgia lay behind apparently random speeches or acts. It is by the choices they make that people reveal themselves. It is owing, therefore, to an instinctive shyness that the commonplace-book is generally locked away. That goes, at least, for the private person. But the great poet is not a private person: he, or she, is a sort of royalty, who belongs to the world. The choice of the poet is not a secret thing. Miss Sitwell, because she is a great poet, has exercised over her reading a poet's choice. The extracts she has copied into her *Notebook* all relate to her ruling experience—which is poetry. She has been struck by what is in her own key.

You will be interested, as I was interested, by some of the passages she has noted down but then differed with, or qualified into accord with her own ideas. And there are others she has expanded, or taken as point of departure to

make points of her own. In the Foreword, she says:

The aphorisms on Poetry, or applicable to Poetry, with which this book begins were noted down by me, originally, for my private use. All—or nearly all—poets have made examinations into the necessities of Poetry, and I, for one, would rather read by the light of the sun than by lamplight.

In these notes we see Poetry and her necessities as they are seen by the eyes of the poet. These aphorisms throw a light, for me at least, on questions concerning Poetry. I hope they will do this for the readers.

This hope, I feel, should be realised. For remember that, though the poet may have a special nature, poetry itself is a universal thing. It is not only for you and me, it is you and I. If what makes poetry were not also present in us, the poet's lonely experience would mean less. In our response to poetry, we are poets—so questions concerning poetry concern us, though you and I could not raise them, or answer them. To the questions that arose in Miss Sitwell's poet-mind, she has found answers—sometimes from other poets, sometimes from critics of poetry, sometimes inside herself. And these answers will widen your and my understanding. A *Poet's Notebook* is not a specialist's book: as Miss Sitwell saw, when she permitted its publication, it is for all lovers of poetry.

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

AS one grows older, fiction seems to appeal to us much less—fiction, that is, in the form of novels. The usual love-story, the usual romance, even the ordinary thriller, gives one the mental reaction of being asked to join in a game of tiddly-winks when there is something much more interesting to do. So one turns towards biographies and history and philosophy, or to books wherein a man, or woman, write "shop" and are interesting to read because they know what they're writing about. Fiction, on the other hand, is generally only life from a let's-pretend angle. And one really gets rather tired of let's-pretend as one grows older, unless it is regarded as a kind of pleasant game—a means of escape towards a story designed for mildewed adolescents. One gets weary of let's-pretend we're friends, let's-pretend we're enjoying ourselves, when we aren't; let's-pretend we're twenty years younger than we are; let's-pretend that everything turns out for the best in this best of all possible worlds; let's-pretend that we have unshakable faith in a Glorious Resurrection.

Happily, a great peace seems to descend upon the mind and the spirit when we can't be mentally bothered to pretend any longer! So many people become truly themselves only when time has gently thrust them into becoming the dim background to anything or anybody. When they can sit back to observe, to smile, to shrug their shoulders, to cry without shedding any tears. Briefly, to know within themselves that at last they are

By Richard King

completely grown-up, so far as their temperament and past experience allow them adult status, and to resign themselves without cynicism to the fact that this final adjustment often comes too late to benefit themselves or to carry the least conviction into the lives of others. When at last they can sit back without repine to contemplate what life has, or has not, meant to them; where lasting happiness lies; what love and friendship stand for, and how nice and restful it is to be often quite alone.

To have no further patience with affectation, and snobbery, false intellectualism and false pride, second-hand convictions and second-hand faith. To go all-out for the joy which still remains, the wisdom of experience which may still bear fruit, the golden opportunities which still come our way, and to wish "God speed and damn quick-about-it" to the people and things, conventions and ideas, pomposities and false gods which clutter up civilised life and lead nowhere except towards a sense of frustration.

Moreover, if in the twilight of your years you haven't in some way achieved this crown of liberty in your inner-life, how unusually dull and boring you are! Twittering and chattering and meddling. Indeed, I sometimes think the true art of living is to know when to stop. Especially to stop pretending. Stop trying to be a "means" and to become, if you can, an end—if ever you represent an "end" to anything at all! Even to become an end unto oneself is an achievement which, though it be a warning rather than an example, is at least a *fait accompli*.



"I'm tired of books about the present war;
give me one about the next"

Diversity

THE Notes—culled by Miss Sitwell from a wide range of reading—are grouped under subjects—they are on the Nature of Poetry, on Technical Matters, on Morality, Simplicity, the Senses, Imagery, the Power of Words, and so on. There is a section of "Applicables"—to the Augustans, Byron, Blake, Baudelaire, Verlaine. In some cases, laws found for other arts—music, painting, architecture—have been applied to poetry.

The selection could not be richer, more various. But the most outstanding part of the book is the end: this comes from Edith Sitwell's own pen. It is she herself who has written the notes—they amount to essays—on Chaucer, Herrick, Smart, Gerard Manley Hopkins. It is her notes on Shakespeare that crown the whole. Here we find her full power released. The discussion of the tragedies—*Macbeth* and *King Lear*, in particular—has an atmosphere that I have found nowhere else.

A Poet's Notebook ends at a climax—the Epilogue, which is two of her own poems: "A Mother to her Dead Child," which has a beauty and an emotion that I cannot discuss, and the lovely melancholy "Green Song."

Family Fate

HOW the fate, or fatality, of the Broderick family was involved in a copper-mine sunk in a mountain overlooking the sea is told by Daphne du Maurier in *Hungry Hill* (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.). In Ireland, where their land and their castle lie, the Brodericks remain conqueror stock objects of cold suspicion from the surrounding Irish, sometimes of lively hate. They have never been assimilated, and their strong, inbred characteristics set them apart: they are like a race in themselves. The feud with the Donovans, who owned the land before them, is hereditary—and quarrels about the mine bring this

(Concluded on page 341)



Gott — Shorting

Mr. J. A. Hastings Gott, G.M., R.A.F.V.R., only son of the late Rev. J. A. Gott and Mrs. Gott, of St. Albans, married Susan Elizabeth Shorting, daughter of the late Canon C. H. C. Shorting, and Mrs. Shorting, of St. Albans, at St. Albans Abbey.



Lewton-Brain — Wright

Capt. E. G. Lewton-Brain, R.A., second son of the late Lawrence Lewton-Brain, F.M.S., and Mrs. Lewton-Brain, of Parkstone, Dorset, married Colene Melville Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Wright, of 6, Priory Gardens, Melville Wright, of W., at Brompton Oratory, Bedford Park, W., at Brompton Oratory.



Benn — Denbigh

Major Antony Benn, R.A., second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Benn, of Pythingdean, Peterborough, Sussex, married Maureen Denbigh, daughter of the late W. W. Denbigh and Mrs. Denbigh, of Vancouver, B.C., at St. James's, Spanish Place.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Windler-Cronk — Cooper

Lt. Francis S. P. Windler-Cronk, of Montreal, Canada, and Margaret Cooper, of Cleveley, Lancs., were married at Brompton Oratory. She is a Section Officer in the W.A.A.F.



Miss Veronica Rose

Veronica Rose, elder daughter of G/Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Rose, and granddaughter of the late Lord Hirst, is engaged to Capt. Timothy Ellis, K.S.L.I., son of the late D. W. Ellis and Mrs. Ellis, of Bank House, Ledbury, Herefordshire.



Filipowski — Crommelin-Brown

Capt. Frydryk Karol Filipowski, Polish Parachute Brigade, married Pauline Bridget Crommelin-Brown, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Crommelin-Brown, of Brook House, Repton, Derbyshire, at St. Wystan's Church, Repton.



Hill — Crookshank

Capt. B. J. W. Hill, Scots Guards, younger son of the late Howard Vernon Hill, and Mrs. Hill, of Lyndhurst, Hants, married Elizabeth Crookshank, eldest daughter of Dr. H. Crookshank, of Calcutta, and Mrs. Crookshank, of 4, St. George's Crescent, Carlisle, at Eton College Chapel, Windsor.



Whigham — Ronald

Mr. Walter Kennedy Whigham, fifth son of the late D. D. Whigham, of Prestwick, Ayrshire, married Patience Mary Ronald, only child of the late Capt. J. McBain Ronald, and of Mrs. Ronald, of Brifrons Cottage, Patruxbourne, Kent, at St. James's, Sussex Gardens.



Caplat — Downton

Lt. Moran Caplat, R.N.V.R., only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Caplat, of Herne Bay, married Diana Downton, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Downton, of Offham, Kent, at St. Mary the Virgin, West Malling, Kent.

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 329)

and all his many friends will hope that the luck will turn. The Hon. Robert Watson, usually in A.T.A. uniform, wore mufti, and was with Lord and Lady Manton, the latter looking very pretty in a pale blue suit.

Two members of the racing personnel who rarely miss a meeting are Brig.-Gen. "Kid" Kennedy, who is chairman of Tattersall's Committee, and so watches over the interests of both backers and layers alike, and Major Gerald Deane, connected for so many years with Manton, and now training his own horses and farming on a big scale near Winchester.

Several smart women wore grey, including Lady de Trafford and her daughter, Mrs. James Bowes-Lyon, and Mrs. John Walker, who wore one of the bowler-shaped hats that suit her so well. Others who enjoyed what turned out to be a most satisfactory day for backers included Capt. and Mrs. Lionel Cecil, Mr. and Mrs. Nickie Morris, Capt. and Mrs. Evan Williams, Sir Eric Ohlson, Sir Edward Hanmer, Sir William Bass, Capt. Eric Wood, Col. Pepys, Lady Durham, Capt. John Baillie, who brought off some good coups with Caymanas when he used to ride him himself, and Capt. Charles Moore, the King's racing manager, who, as a great believer in the value of Irish limestone for breeding bloodstock, one imagines must be against the talked-of removal of the National Stud from Kildare to the clay, dairy-land of Dorsetshire.

Chinese Art Aids China

LADY CRIPPS'S United Aid to China Fund continues to flourish, and the delightful exhibition of Chinese Art at the Berkeley Galleries most worthily supports it. Many of the lovely things are lent by private collectors, including Lord Tredegar, Major Peter Harris, Mrs. V. Alport, Mr. A. Kaufmann, Mr. E. Keeling, Mr. F. Savery, Mr. Lee Shuttleworth, Dr. Rosenbaum and Mr. O. Falk.

Most of the exhibits are models of animals, in clay, bronze or porcelain, according to the period : the earliest shown are of the Chou Dynasty, which existed between 1122 and 255 B.C.

Banker's Wedding

THE marriage of Mr. W. K. Whigham to Miss Patricia Ronald, at St. James's, Sussex Gardens, was notable for the number of men there and at the reception at the bridegroom's house in Hyde Park Gardens. They included many people famous in the banking world, such as Mr. Montagu Norman, the Hon. Evelyn Fitzgerald and Lord Kindersley, who came to wish their fellow-banker good luck. The bride, who is in the A.T.S., wore a simple little frock of ice-blue crépe and a long spray of orchids on the shoulder. The bridegroom's niece, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, and her mother, Mrs. George Whigham, were there ; also the Hon. Lady Bingham, Mrs. Archie Tennent and Lord and Lady Barnby.

Cars and Horses

THOSE two inseparable racing drivers, 20-stone Charles Follett and Lord Selsdon, who recently won the D.S.C., foregathered at the May Fair bar during Lord Selsdon's last leave to celebrate a great occasion. With them was diminutive Mr. George Leek, the engineer and designer, who built the famous Lea-Francis racing car which carried Charles Follett's immense bulk to victory at Brooklands just before the war. Now, as Mr. Leek's factory is turned over to war production, he can temporarily no longer build cars, but the love of speed is in him, so he has just acquired three racehorses, which will duly run in the Lea-Francis colours.



An Auction for Prisoners of War

Over £520 was raised for the Red Cross and St. John Prisoners of War Fund by a champagne auction at Quaglino's. On the left are S/Ldr. Lord Willingdon, R.A.F.V.R., and Mrs. Barnes Bryant, and on the right Mr. Edson, a former Mayor of Westminster, auctions a bottle of champagne, while Sir Philip Chetwode and Lady Willingdon look on.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 342)

lasting bitterness to the top. A Donovan, dying as the result of a Broderick's act, pronounces a curse on the family and the mine.

"Copper John," who opens the workings in 1820, lives on, undaunted but saddened, to see the curse take effect on several of his descendants. His has been the ambition, his is the driving will. His two sons love the same woman—the adorable, feckless Fanny-Rosa Flower. Charming Henry dies on a tour abroad, and the more difficult "Greyhound John" marries Fanny-Rosa, and inherits castle and mine. Jane, the youngest daughter of "Copper John," perishes in an accident caused by emergency measures taken to save the mine from flooding—first of several victims of the Broderick Moloch—and the very evening of Jane's death, Fanny-Rosa's first son, the ill-fated "Wild Johnnie," is prematurely born. His self-destruction leaves his brother Henry to rule (once again, two Broderick brothers have loved the same woman), and Henry's son Hal, queried by his father's harshness, grows up to meet the family fate. Trouble only ends, for the last of the Brodericks, with the burning of the castle (in the 1920 "troubles") some time after the closing of the mine.

From this summary, you might take *Hungry Hill* to be a gloomier novel than it is. The story is lightened, and made compellingly interesting, by the vividness of the scenes (through a hundred years) and the magnetism or charm of the characters.

Beauty's End

IT is Fanny-Rosa who irradiates *Hungry Hill*—from her glowing tempestuous entrance into her mother's drawing-room—where the two young Broderick brothers, on an afternoon call, gaze enraptured at this fury of seventeen—to her dignified disappearance, as a very old woman, into the waxed gloom of a "home" in the South of France. She supplies, in herself, just that warmth and colour that the Broderick nature lacks. All the same, she is incorrigible—hardly less trouble though far more joy-giving, than the mine. . . . The Brodericks and Fanny-Rosa have been brought to life; and given the power to cast their spell on one, with that magic that Miss du Maurier never fails to command. *Hungry Hill* is a novel you will not quickly forget.

Cinema

RUSSIAN genius, in the nineteenth century, showed Europe how great the novel could be. In the twentieth, it has captured the cinema—and Sergei Eisenstein is one of the giants, perhaps the giant, among Russian cinematographers. His *The Film Sense* (Faber and Faber 6d.) should be read by those who still have hopes of the cinema as an art.

I say "still," because there has been, since the end of the nineteen-twenties, a decided drop in what used to be high hopes. Before that the Germans, and then the French, had been pioneering in remarkable silent films, and young English and American enthusiasts began to take fire and to experiment. But the introduction of sound, for some reason checked all this : the "talkies," though lively, were not original. Language set up the difficulties of Babel—the cinema lost its international quality, and, while gaining technical power with every year, fell under the rigid conventions of Hollywood. Preoccupation with box office, and the "star" system, blew blightingly on the experimental film. Hollywood, be it noted, did once make a bid for Eisenstein's powers, but was too frightened to use him once it had got him there.

The Soviet Russian films—which for quite a number of years could not be shown in England, except by private societies—were born of dynamic new ideas and ideals. Financed by their Government, the Russian film-artists could ignore the box office, and did not need to use "stars." They learned to embody sound in what had hitherto been a purely visual medium without halting the development of their art. Their aim was to express the poetic-heroic in mankind ; instead of romanticising the individual, they romanticised mass-movement. Their themes, at the outset, were revolutionary—but also they could make lovely dramatic films on such stolid subjects as co-operative farming, e.g., Eisenstein's *Old and New* (called also *The General Line*). Eisenstein is still better known as the maker of *Potemkin*, *Ten Days That Shook the World*, and *Alexander Nevsky*.

I cannot pretend that *The Film Sense* is easy reading. It is the intellectual book of an intellectual man who knows, and cares for, his subject from A to Z. Eisenstein holds, with Miss Edith Sitwell, that the arts relate to each other, and can learn from each other. In poems and pictures he finds the potential film-script—he even gives an analysis, from this view-point, of one passage out of *Paradise Lost*. And Leonardo da Vinci, by his showing, had made notes for what could have been an epic film of *The Flood*.

The Intrepid Keate

THE nurse is certainly in the ideal position for observing crime. Hence, no doubt, her usefulness as the narrator of a detective story. In *Wolf in Man's Clothing*, by M. G. Eberhart (Crime Club ; 8s. 6d.), we meet Sarah Keate again, in the murder-ridden Brent home. She helps to unravel an unhappy love-affair, and is the benevolent genius of her distraught young colleague. The police show up as less stupid than usual. The grim house and New England landscape are well drawn. Twins, a tom-cat, a hypodermic, blood-stained gloves and other properties figure. One of Miss Eberhart's best.

Haig



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

There is no doubt about it that black and white as well as blue and white will be among the leading notes in the summer and autumn fashions. Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, has always looked on these alliances with favour. She has introduced the latter in the dress below. The skirt has a slightly waved hem, while the corsage is relieved with touches of white. These may be varied from time to time, colour taking the place of white and a flower tucked into the belt. The neat hat is of felt, relieved with flowers. Hats are a difficult problem on account of the quota, so a visit should be paid to these salons at the earliest opportunity; a feature is here made of "undated" models which can be arranged with adjustable trimming if desired. Veils are of great assistance. Of course, the tailored suit is well represented: many are of the modified classic character. The weaves of the tweeds are striking and so are the colour schemes



There is no one who understands the art of creating the wartime jumper suit better than Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly. Everyone must admit that the model seen above is attractive. It is of fine check suiting trimmed with white pique, the belt being of leather; the sleeves are short and the skirt pleated. Of course, the jumper may be worn with a different skirt. There is a large collection of coat-frocks and suits, a feature being made of all-the-year-round fashions. The simple cotton shirt has its role to play, some having short and others long sleeves. As usual, woolies are obtainable in a variety of colours. A few words must be said about the footwear department. As the shortage of these accessories will undoubtedly become acute in the near future, repairs are undertaken, but they take some time to do

There is a delightful note of simplicity about the "little" frocks at Jays, Regent Street. They are expressed in artificial silk, crêpe and other materials of a kindred nature. It must be remembered that there is only a limited number of each model. The one illustrated on this page is of artificial silk. The background is almost a myrtle-green, strewn with thumb-marks of a lighter shade. As will be seen, the neck is high and the sleeves are short. Again, there are the multi-coloured crêpe frocks, Paisley designs predominating. It must not be overlooked that grey is a perfect colour for summer wear, and for the country there is no more interesting alliance than green and brown. As usual in these salons, the three-piece occupies a prominent position; it consists of coat, skirt and top-coat, and there are also suits which may be worn with a variety of blouses.



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"PUT out that light up there," shouted the warden. A head came cautiously out of an upstairs window.

"What do you want?" came a voice.

"It's an air raid warning," the warden told her.

"Well, put it through the letter-box. I can't come down now."

A MAN who wrote a weekly column for a newspaper had a brother-in-law who arrived for a weekend visit—and remained for six months. The columnist finally hit on a plan to get rid of the pest.

"Tonight at dinner," he told his wife, "I'll say that my column was especially good today. You will disagree and say that it was terrible. We'll then ask your brother for his opinion."

"If he agrees with me, you'll order him from the house. If he agrees with you, I'll order him from the house. So, in either case, we'll be rid of him."

The wife agreed to the plan. And, exactly as arranged, the writer spoke up during dinner that night.

"I thought my column was pretty good today," he said.

"You're crazy," retorted his wife. "It was just terrible." She turned to her brother. "What did you think, John?" she asked.

The guest shrugged.

"I don't know anything about it," he observed placidly. "I'm staying four more weeks!"

"I SAY," said Jones, "you know that pub near the airfield? Well, I reckon I had a couple of drinks too many there last night."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, after closing time I went out and jumped on the first bus I could find. I went to sleep on the bus... and when I woke up we were dropping bombs on Berlin!"

The Urgent Need For Paper Of Every Kind Continues—Do Not Let Your Household Be Guilty Of Waste



"Guess what has eyes, but can't see?"

AN actress on tour became tired of paying railway fares for her small dog, so she bought a basket with ventilation holes.

On the first occasion when she attempted to use it, the ticket collector at the station barrier asked what was in the basket.

"Hats," replied the actress, and went on to the platform.

Before she had proceeded many yards, she was recalled by the grinning ticket collector, who, pointing to a stump of fuzzy tail which wagged joyously from one of the ventilation holes, remarked: "You'll have to pay for that one with the feathers."

As the party of men left the club after a particularly lively evening, one remarked:

"I've got a fine wife. When I come home like this she doesn't mind a scrap."

"Neither does mine," said another, not so cheerfully. "In fact, she waits up for it!"

THE Home Guard sentry stared into the darkness of the night. Suddenly there was a crash, then a silence, followed by very strong language.

"Halt! Who goes there?" he challenged in ringing tones.

At that moment the moon came through the clouds and he saw his orderly officer rising in his feet.

"Why the so-and-so didn't you warn me of this trip wire?" protested the officer in anger-tones.

"Well," replied the sentry calmly, "I wouldn't have known if it would work, and I spent two hours fixing it up."

"How's this?" asked the lawyer. "You've named six bankers in your will to be pall-bearers. Of course, it's all right, but wouldn't you rather choose some friends with whom you are on better terms?"

"No," replied the man who had just made his will, "those fellows have carried me so long that they might as well finish the job."

Two soldiers spent a night of their leave together and after a somewhat lively time paused on Waterloo Bridge and gazed intently at the dark river below them.

Suddenly one of them spotted the reflection of the moon down there.

"I shay, ol' boy, what's that?" he asked.

His friend, who had perhaps had not quite so much moon, retorted: "That's ass."

"The moon? Then what on earth are we doing up there?"



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By Oliver Stewart

Pilots' Push

I STILL hold the remarkable, old-fashioned, obtuse, or, if you like, naïve and reactionary view that flyers know about flying. In Great Britain the air pilot is, by the mere fact of his piloting, excluded from most of the higher administrative posts in aviation. I think that is a pity.

So I note with pleasure the energetic steps United States pilots are taking to see that the pen-pushers and politicians do not push them entirely out of the civil aviation picture after the war. They have formed—I read—a Trans-Oceanic Pilots' Association and have created a company called Trans-Oceanic Air Lines.

It is a revolutionary thought that the pilots might one day get hold of civil aviation. And that leads me to ask why it is that we tend to distrust the man of action when it comes to administration. In 1918 there was a widespread feeling that the pilot who had achieved great successes in air combat was the last man to put in a position of trust in civil flying.

It was thought then that if a man had shot down more than five enemy aircraft he was almost automatically excluded from the high posts of peace-time flying. Yet my own experience of the "aces" (to use a word which still makes me feel slightly ill, though it is so useful that it cannot always be avoided) is that they are usually men of real ability and that their ability is wide in scope.

To become a successful fighting pilot or a successful bombing pilot demands a big range of understanding and a large amount of determination as well as courage. It is wrong to suppose that these qualities are not as valuable in business as they are in air war. I would like to see the pilots and air crew members who do well in the Royal Air Force during war, given the best opportunities in the peace.

Turmoil

"WOOLLY" and "self-contradictory" were two of the terms used by one important newspaper in referring to the debate on civil aviation

in the House of Commons at the beginning of the month.

I confess that I could not sort out a really clear picture of the trend of instructed thought. But there can be no doubt that a clear picture will emerge if there are enough of these discussions and if they are acrimonious enough.

A quiet, "constructive," "sober" and "serious" discussion usually ends where it began, in an expansion of wool. But when rude remarks are flung about and the unpleasantest implications are shot out, there sometimes emerges in the end a sharp answer to the central problem. I am hoping that if we argue vigorously enough about commercial flying and civil flying generally, we shall clarify our ideas.

Honour Where Due

PUBLIC acclamation was showered upon the announcement of the honours granted to Sir Hugh Dowding and Mr. Hives. But I did not see it mentioned that these two men were both, in their totally different spheres, leaders in the air battle of Britain.

Dowding as Commander-in-Chief of Fighter Command had the enormous tactical responsibility when the battle was joined. He had also done much beforehand to get all ready. Hives had worked on the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine which (and it is a thing we ought never to forget) powered the two fighters which, together, won the battle, the Vickers-Armstrongs Spitfire and the Hawker Hurricane.

We must pay tribute to that engine in the strongest terms we can use. It represented in highest form the reply British engineering had ready to give to German engineering. And it was a truly convincing reply.

As for the aircraft, I deprecate the arguments about whether the Spitfire or the Hurricane was really the winner of the battle. They were both equally responsible.



A Recent Award

Sq/Ldr. Douglas Iveson, R.A.F.V.R., D.F.C., who was decorated for his part in the attack on the enemy base at Trondheim in April, 1942, has recently been awarded a bar to his D.F.C. for his courage and leadership

sible for victory. And it is a wrong to attribute success to the Hurricanes because there were more of them as to say that the whole battle depended on the Spitfire because the Spitfire was used for top cover which is the trump card of aerial tactics. However, I doubt if we would have won the battle if we had had no Spitfires at all.

Bombpraganda

BRITISH information service showed up well in the battle of bombpraganda which broke out when the Germans found bombing a little too much for them. The enemy attempts to get bombing banned were ludicrous to all logical-minded people, but might have done some damage to our cause if the reply had been less complete.

Particularly good was the use made by the B.B.C. of recordings

of Herr Hitler's voice when he was screaming threats at us. Those recordings were an admirably terse and dramatic reminder that in bombing we have not always had things our own way.

The newspapers also did good work in exposing immediately the Spanish propaganda. Although I am aware of the political background to it, I was surprised that the Spaniards should have gone quite so far as they did in trying to help the Axis in this matter.

Support Them

IT would have been a bad return for the magnificent work done by the captains and crews of the bomber aircraft if people in Britain had listened to the Axis complaints about bombing. These men have had a very hard battle and it goes on night after night.

Nothing is a greater test of character than long-range bombing and everybody in the country owes it to the men who do it that they should remain steadfast in supporting them, and absolutely and instantly reject all kinds of enemy propaganda on the subject.



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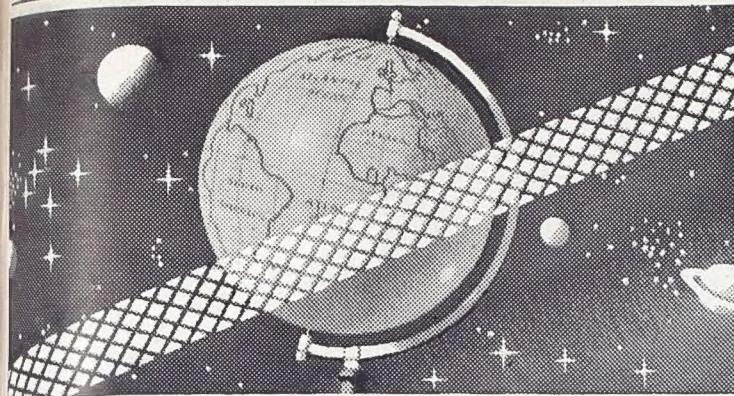
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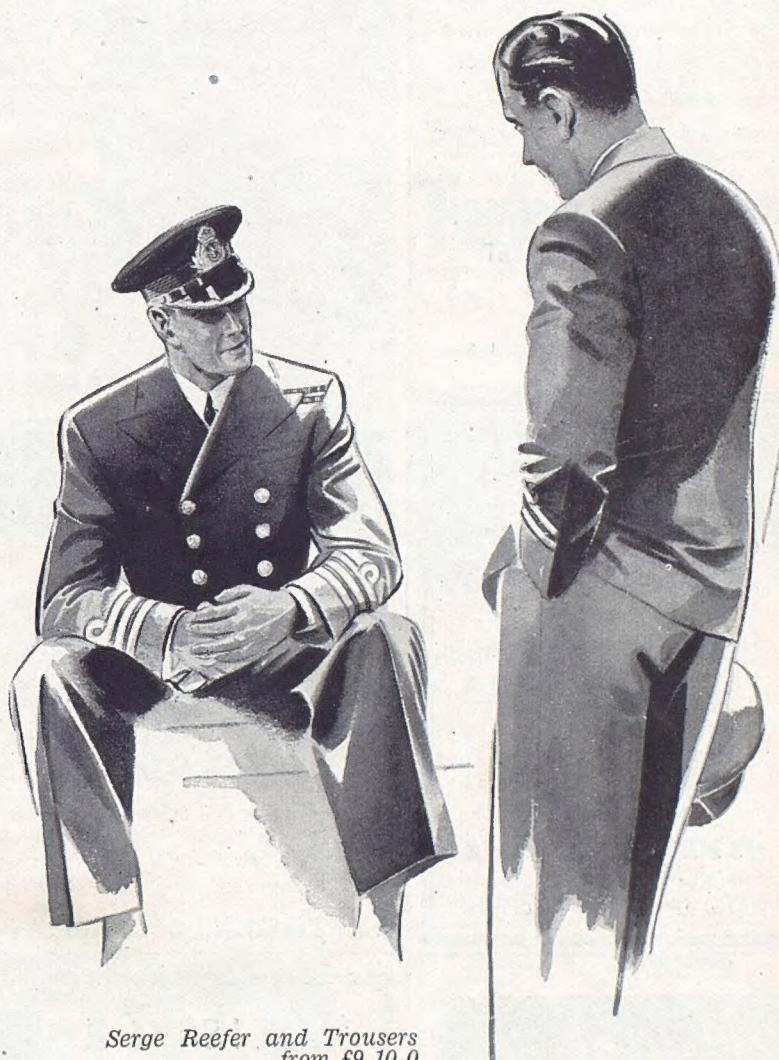
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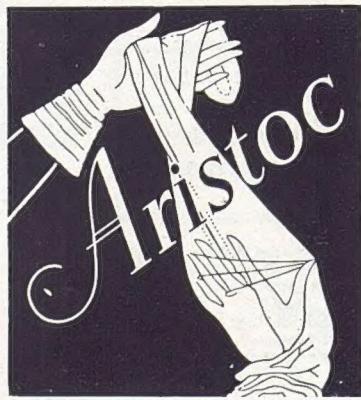
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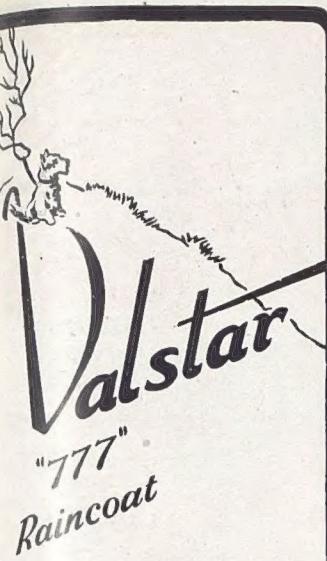
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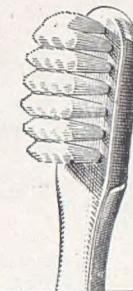
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